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AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 7

ST. HERBERT.

A TALE.

(Continued.)

"As the wounded wolf, who cannot fly, snaps his teeth, and bites his own flesh—so did I—I tore the hair from my scalp, and gnawed the nails from my hands, and yelled till I had no voice left. I looked toward the forest, and wished myself a thunderstorm, that I might wrench its strong trees from the earth and blast its beauty. The sky blackened, the crooked lightning shone among the bursting clouds—and the winds howled over the lake.—I clambered to the top of the highest rocks, and called to the heavy rains to beat me off.—The tempest passed—and the last voice of the thunder groaned among the mountains.—I ran into the woods, 'I will let the wild beasts devour me,' said I; but I terrified them with my fierceness, and even the hungry bear and the blood drinking panther fled affrighted from my presence; I rushed like a whirlwind from place to place, and before one moon had faded away, I had drank of the waters of the Niagara, and been drenched in the mists

that hover over the *Cohoes*.—I had eaten herbs upon the blue mountains of *Tokanoe*, and had slept upon the *Alleghanian* ridges;—yet no peace came to my heart:—When I waked I was full of wrath, and when I slept I was overwhelmed with terror.—At length one evening, weary with wandering, I reached the borders of lake *Ontario*—the moon rose broad and clear upon the water, and the winds that were going to their caves of rest, blew gently upon the little waves—I looked around me, there was no sound among the tress, nor any cloud in the sky; a few bright stars were sprinkled on it. 'All is composed,' said I, 'all is tranquil that surrounds me, I alone am disquieted and distressed;' and for the first time since the beginning of my troubles, the fountain of my tears was opened, and I wept freely.—I sat down upon the soft green bank, a sweet sleep came upon me, and the Spirit of the Lake stood before me, 'Ludono,' said he, "make an end of complaining—thou hast no cause to murmur at what hath befallen thee—thou wast forward, and thou has been corrected; let reproof make thee wise.—When thou wishedst for opulence, it floated around thee like the spray round the grey rocks

of my lake, but thou wert ungrateful—Thou didst good to none but thyself—and lo! adversity is become thy companion.—When thou returnedst from hunting thou calledst to thy meal him whose fat salmon and tender venison corrupted for the want of being used, and thou didst forget the poor who had no food, and the hungry stranger who had none to comfort him.—Thou gavest to him who had no need of thy gifts, and boughtest of him to whom thou shouldst have given.—Thou wert healthy and didst not remember the sick: But when, in thine activity thou didst chase the swift buffalo, thy heedless foot crushed the good herb that should have healed thy neighbour.

“It was for this that thou wast bereaved of the produce of thy land.—It was to teach thee to feel for others:—but thou hardenedst thyself, beneath the stroke:—more followed, and thy proud breast rose against them. Hadst thou then been humbled by the first, a second had not succeeded.—

“But arise even now and endeavour to answer the purpose for which thou wast born.—Go, build thee a wigwam, and again cultivate thy fields.—When thou seest the fainting traveller pass by, call him in, and let him partake of thy bounty; and when thou hearest the groans of the afflicted, haste to his dwelling, and anoint his wounds:—thus shall thy tribe bless thee, and Comfort take up her residence with thee.

“When the red morning arose, I remembered the vision; and, hasting to my former possessions, obeyed the commands I had received.—Many seasons have passed since then, and I have learned from my own experience, that the man of gratitude, fortitude, and usefulness, is the only happy man.

“The good Indian closed his little tale and the next day departed early, after

promising to stay a night with me whenever he went to or returned from the mountain. At every visit he related to me some new observations which he had made on piety and the life of man. When I was gloomy, he would divert me from the subject on which I mused; and when my spirits were ruffled, he would soothe them with calm reasoning. A strict and tender friendship subsisted between us for many years, during which I felt all the composure that a situation like mine could admit of.—One morning as he was departing, he said, taking me affectionately by the hands, “Brother, I believe I shall return to thee no more.—My spirits waste, and my steps are slow and uncertain.—I may possibly return at the shining of the next moon; but if I do not, thou mayest believe that I am sitting* in the dust.”—He came not again, and in him I have lost all that I considered as valuable upon earth.—I miss his counsels greatly, and having none to converse with, I again relapse into my former sorrows; and did I know where his ashes rest, old and feeble as I am, I would seek the peaceful spot—not to disturb his quiet repose with moanings, but to heap a few stones upon his grave, and do homage to his memory.”

The regret which had swelled in the bosom of St. Herbert, as he finished his narrative, found a passage from his eyes, and he again wept audibly—Albador accompanied him with his tears, which the old man at length perceiving, “it is enough, my son,” said he, “I respect your sensibility, but I fear I have already oppressed it too much. By the time-piece I perceive the night wears away fast, embrace then the few hours of rest that remain; and with these words he conducted him to his chamber.

* Almost all the Indians bury their dead in that posture.

Bright rose the dawn on the cottage of St. Herbert, and loud were the matin chaunts of the robin that was perched upon the roof, when Albudor, roused from his slumbers by the early songster, arose, and being informed that his host would not quit his chamber for some hours to come, he left the hamlet and strolled along the forest. Oh too precipitate Caroline," sighed he, "after so painful, so long a separation; when my hopes were all glowing, when I expected each moment to press thee to my heart, then to find thee flown, how did it rack my bosom, and how tasteless are the pleasures of life without thee;"—As thus he wandered disconsolate, his eye glanced along a broad path high overshadowed with pines: The dews yet rested upon their branches, and the pale wild flowers that were scattered among the under-wood, nodded upon their slender stems, diffusing around delicate sweets—a tender impulse bade him enter upon the path, and following it for some little distance, it led him to a circular lawn, at whose far edge stood a small building of rude structure, and half concealed by the thick foliage of two ancient oaks: a pale fence inclosed the little green before the door, at one end of which a narrow rill prattled along, and on its glassy breast two white ducks were sporting, while a third crouched the purple blossoms from the margin.—He approached the mansion in silence; fearing to disturb its peaceful tenants, but as he crossed the runnel, the door was opened, and an aged female appeared. Albudor, immediately was going to apologize for his early intruder, but she prevented him: "you are a stranger," said she smiling, "and as such have a claim upon me, come in then and permit me to discharge it." He did not hesitate to accept the invitation, and she, leading him into a back room, desired

him to amuse himself with some books which were lying on a table, for a few moments; my daughter," said she, "is gone to gather flowers to adorn the hearth, her stay will not be long, and as the conversation of an old lady can at any time be dispensed with by a young gentleman, I will make no apology for attending to my family affairs for a little while."—Albudor, however, could not read: the neatness and simplicity with which the apartment was furnished, and the cheerfulness and engaging address of his venerable hostess, perplexed him. "What means this," said he, "have I found another recluse? no, that cannot be, St. Herbert is wrapt up in woe, and every thing around him bespeaks the anguish of his soul; but cheerfulness seems to have taken up her residence here, and all I see, answers to her voice; why then should *she*, evidently born in a higher sphere, thus immure herself in a desert." With these words he seated himself by a window, and looking out, perceived a girl bearing flowers, lightly stepping across the meadow in rear of the house. She was dressed in a loose blue silk robe, which was gathered about the waist in a white sash; her hair fell careless upon her shoulders, and a small straw bonnet shaded her face from the sun, which just then shone above the east horizon. At this new sight, the perplexed conjectures of Albudor redoubled, and he was falling into a profound muse, when he heard her voice in the entry; it struck upon his heart like lightning;—he trembled, his breath stopped, an idea flashed through his mind, and he sprang up to assure himself of its reality; when she entered—he looked—but stayed not to gaze—for wild with extacy, he clasped her in his arms, and feebly articulated "it is"—it is my own Caroline."

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO CELEBS.

How strange it is, said I, the other day, as I was looking over a few of the late numbers of the Museum—how *passing strange* it is, that any thing pertaining to celibacy will attract the eye of one who has never enlisted under the banners of Hymen—I had hardly sir, taken up the No. ere the (same hour) interesting name of Celebs attracted my attention.—But heavens! how every sympathetic feeling of my heart vibrated as I perused the lines addressed to your Emma.—I hastily ran my eye over every later number to see if there was any reply—and when I found there was none, I threw them aside with a determination to give you some information respecting your *inexorable, adorable* Emma. However, ere I had arrived at my desk, the prudent thought occurred to me, that I should only involve you in new difficulties. For said I, if he be captivated with her mental faculties, of which he has but a faint emblem—how much stronger will the chains be bound, when he beholds that countenance on which nature has stamped the sweet image of her soul—her majestic figure—her attractive mein—her winning graces, and becomes farther acquainted with the goodness of that heart—than which—a purer never throbbed beneath a female bosom. Should I (as my heart prompts me to do) give you the name, the number, and the street, you would doubtless go with quixotic eagerness to the *very fatal spot*. Oh, should I sir, barely give you a description of this lovely female, you would ransack the city until you found her—what then—alas! sir, although *she is fair, divinely fair*, and far exceeds the image that your lively imagination has painted—this maid with all charms, stands the monumental trophy,

of the power of Cupid. Yes, sir, that *evil genius of yours*, has aimed a deadly blow at her heart, and made it deaf to the supplications of all, but one *happy youth*. This information, though it may cause your heart to bleed, may at least prevent delusive hope, which often leads its thoughtless followers into the vortex of misery. And if the heart is not as deeply engaged as I seem to apprehend, this may in some degree satisfy your curiosity. If I have afforded you the least solace on that score, as I am a female, I *shall of course* consider it a sufficient apology for intruding these lines upon your notice; and now having been sufficiently prolix, and explicit for your happiness, I am about coming to a close, and am going to subscribe myself your

GUARDIAN SYLPH.

POLITENESS.

To be perfectly polite, one must have great *presence of mind*, with a delicate and quick *sense of propriety*. Particular modes and ceremonies of behaviour vary in different countries, and even in different parts of the same town. These can only be learned by observation on the manners of those who are best skilled in them, and by keeping what is called good company. But the principles of politeness are the same in all places.—Wherever there are human beings, it must be impolite to hurt the temper or shock the passions of those you converse with.

How necessary it is frequently to enter into ourselves, and search out our spirit, will appear if we consider, how much the human heart is prone to insincerity, and how often from being first led by vanity into attempts to impose upon others, we come at last to impose upon ourselves.

THE PROPHET OF THE ALLEGHANY.

Published last fall in London, under the head of "American Literature."

In the year 1793, one of the missionaries to the Indians of the North-West was on his way from the Tuscorora settlement to the Senecas.—Journeying in pious meditation through the forest, a majestic Indian darted from its recesses and arrested his progress. His hair was somewhat changed with age, and his face marked with the deep furrows of time; but his eyes expressed all the vivacity of youthful passions, and his step was that of a warrior in the vigour of manhood.

"White man of the ocean,* whither wanderest thou?" said the Indian. "I am travelling," replied the meek disciple of peace, "towards the dwellings of thy brethren, to teach them the knowledge of the only true God, and to lead them to peace and happiness." "To peace and happiness!" answered the tall chief, while his eye flashed fire—"Behold the blessings that follow the footsteps of the white man; wherever he comes the nations of the woodlands fade from the eye like the mists of morning. Once over the wide forest of the surrounding world, our people roamed in peace and freedom, nor ever dreamed of greater happiness than to hunt the beaver, the bear, and the wild-deer. From the farthest extremity of the great deep came the white man, armed with thunder and lightning, and weapons still more pernicious. In war

* The Indians at first imagined that the white men originally sprung from the sea, and that they invaded their country because they had none of their own. They sometimes call them in their songs "the white men of the ocean;" and this name is still often applied, contemptuously, by the savages of the North-West.

he hunted us like wild beasts; in peace he destroyed us by deadly liquors, or yet more deadly frauds. Yet a few moons had passed away and whole nations of invincible warriors, and of hunters that fearless swept the forest and the mountain, perished vainly opposing their triumphant invaders; or quietly dwindled into slaves and drunkards, and their names withered from the earth. Retire, dangerous man, leave us all we yet have left, our savage virtues and our gods; and do not, in the vain attempt to cultivate a rude and barren soil, pluck up the few thrifty plants of native growth that have survived the fostering cares of thy people and weathered the stormy career of their pernicious friendship." The tall chief darted into the wood, and the good missionary pursued his way with pious resolution.

He preached the only true divinity, and placed before the eyes of the wandering savages the beauty of holiness, the sufferings of the Redeemer, and the sublime glories of the christian heaven.—He allured them with the hope of everlasting bliss, and alarmed them with denunciations of an eternity of misery and despair. The awe-struck Indians, roused by these accumulated motives, many of them adopted the precepts of the missionary so far as they could comprehend them; and in the course of eighteen months their devotion became rational, regular, and apparently permanent.

All at once, however, the little church in which the good man was wont to pen his fold, became deserted. No votary came as usual to listen with decent reverence to the pure doctrines which they were there accustomed to hear; and only a few solitary idlers were seen of a Sunday morning lounging about, and casting a wistful, yet fearful, look

at their little peaceful and now silent mansion.

The missionary sought them out, inquired into the cause of this mysterious desertion, and told them of the bitterness of hereafter to those who, having once known, abandoned the religion of the only true God. The poor Indians shook their heads, and informed him that the Great Spirit was angry at their apostacy, and had sent a prophet from the summit of the Alleghany mountain, to warn them against the admission of new doctrines; that there was to be a great meeting of the old men soon, and that the prophet would there deliver to the people the message with which he was entrusted. The zealous missionary determined to be present, and to confront the impostor who was known by the appellation of the *Prophet of the Alleghany*. He accordingly obtained permission from the chiefs to appear at the council and to reply to the charges that might be brought forward. The 12th day of June, 1802 was the time fixed for the decision of this solemn question, "Whether the belief of their forefathers, or that of the white man, was the true religion?" The usual council house not being large enough to contain so great an assemblage of people, they met in a valley about eight miles to the westward of the Seneca Lake. This valley was then embowered under lofty trees; it is surrounded on almost every side with high rugged hills, through it meanders a small river.

It was a scene to call forth every energy of the human heart. On a smooth level, near the bank of the slow stream, under the shade of a large elm, sat the chief men of the tribes. Around the circle which they formed, was gathered a crowd of wandering savages, who with eager looks, seemed to demand the true God at the hands of their wise

men. In the midst of the circle sat the aged and travel-worn missionary. A few grey hairs wandered over his brow, his hands were crossed on his bosom, and as he cast his hope-beaming eye to heaven, he seemed to be calling with pious fervour upon the God of truth to vindicate his own eternal word by the mouth of his servant.

For more than half an hour there was silence in the valley, save the whispering of the trees in the south wind, and the indistinct murmuring of the river. Then all at once a sound of astonishment passed through the crowd, and the Prophet of the Alleghany was seen descending one of the hills; with furious and phrenzied step he entered the circle, and, waving his hand, in token of silence, the missionary saw with wonder the same tall chief, who four years before had crossed him in the Tuscorora forest. The same panther skin hung over his shoulder, the same tomahawk quivered in his hand, and the same fiery and malignant spirit burned in his red eye. He addressed the awe-struck Indians, and the valley rung with his iron voice.

(To be concluded next week.)

To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellencies of others, is a much surer mark of benevolence, than to pity their calamities: and you must always acknowledge yourself ungenerous and selfish, whenever you are less to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," than to "weep with them that weep." If ever your commendations of others are forced from you, by the fear of betraying your envy, or if ever you feel a secret desire to mention something that may abate the admiration given them, do not try to conceal the base disposition from yourself, since that is not the way to cure it.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY,

Clothed in the language of virtue and adorned with the symbol of truth.

"At the birth of *Beauty*," says Plato, "there was a banquet prepared, and numerous guests invited to partake of it. Among others was the god of *Plenty*, the offspring of the goddess *Prudence*, and who inherited many of his mother's virtues. When the feast was concluded, he secluded himself in the garden of Jupiter, which abounded with ambrosial fruits. In the mean time a wretched female, named *Poverty*, on hearing of this great entertainment, hastened hither, in the hope of being relieved by its superabundance :—She, however, first arrived at Jupiter's garden, which was open to persons of all ranks and conditions; she accordingly entered, and found the god of *Plenty* asleep. While she was admiring his beauty, he awoke, and being informed of her situation, first pitied, and then loved her. The Temple of Hymen was not far distant, and the Nuptial god united them in his holy bands. The offspring of this marriage was *Love*. The child grew up, and proved, as might be expected, a compound of opposite qualities. As the son of *Plenty*, he became subtle, full of stratagems and devices, audacious, confident, presumptuous, and quick of resentment. As the offspring of *Poverty*, he was frowning, doubtful, timorous, low-minded, fearful of offending, and abject, in submission." Here the fable of the pagan philosopher ends :—and it cannot be denied, that the supposing *Love* to be born so soon after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconsistency of the passion which itself so naturally traced, are in the happiest style of invention : But in the subsequent period of illumination, when the heart has assumed a

new character, when its moral feelings and tender sensibilities are so improved and sublimated, a new power has appeared, the offspring of a marriage between *Love* and *Virtue*.—This is *Affection*, which never fails, by possessing the corrected and purified qualities of her father, united with all the excellence of her mother, to render the nuptial state a heaven upon earth.

LOUISA—a character.

Louisa is twenty, has a great share of sensibility, and is possessed of every accomplishment necessary to render her perfectly amiable ; but an unbounded share of vanity, a foible inherent in our sex, though few have so eminent a degree of it, entirely obscures her good qualities, and exposes her to the resentment of her real friends, and to the ridicule of mankind. Louisa, whose pen few women can equal, is so conscious of this pleasing talent, that she will indiscriminately lavish her literary abilities on every pert witling who can breathe a sigh, or write a sentence. She triumphs with her pen ; he, in return, sports with her reputation. Regardless of her fame, she precipitates herself into a thousand difficulties for one hour of admiration. What a pity it is that this all-ruling passion should so misguide her reason, and render her, who would otherwise deserve the encomiums of all who know her, the subject of their ridicule. If nature had allowed our sex too small a share of resolution to overcome so predominant a foible, we might plead that excuse ; but she has been as liberal to us, as to the Lords of the creation, therefore we have no plea.

As Louisa's most intimate friend, I have resumed a prerogative denied the rest of her acquaintance, I mean that of shewing her her faults. A disagreeable task you will say, I allow it ; but

as I have a sincere friendship for her, and as I comprehend the full meaning of that sacred word, I think it incumbent on me to endeavour to correct her, if possible. Hitherto I have not succeeded, though I have tried to reason, and to rally her out of her foibles. This method I have now pitched on, as I am sure her sensibility will instantly suggest to her the justness of the portrait, so I flatter myself it will pique her to see her follies exposed in print. By inserting this, you will oblige me as I am persuaded there are many females who require this mirror as much as Louisa, that have not, perhaps, half her perfections.

CONSTANTIA.

FAITH.

(From Chateaubriand's Beauties.)

There is no power but in conviction.—What wonders a small band of troops, persuaded of the abilities of their leader, is capable of achieving! Thirty-five thousand Greeks follow Alexander to the conquest of the world; Lacedæmon commits her destiny to the hands of Lycurgus, and Lacedæmon becomes the wisest of cities; Babylon believes that she is formed for greatness, and greatness crowns her confidence; an oracle gives the empire of the *universe* to the Romans, and the Romans obtain the empire of the *universe*; Columbus alone, among all his cotemporaries, persists in believing the existence of a new world, and a new world rises from the bosom of the deep. Friendship, patriotism, love, all the generous sentiments, are likewise a species of faith. It was because they had faith, that a Codrus, a Pylades, a Regulus, an Arria, performed prodigies. For the same reason, those who have faith in nothing, who treat all the attachments of the soul as illusions, who consider every noble action as insanity, and look with

pity upon the warm imagination and tender sensibility of genius—for the same reason such hearts will never achieve any thing great or generous: their only belief is in matter and in death, and they are already insensible as the one, and cold and icy as the other.

ANECDOTE.

Zeno, the philosopher, turning merchant for his better support, was always unfortunate by losses at sea, insomuch that he was reduced to one small vessel; and having advice that it, with all its lading, was also cast away in the ocean, and nothing saved, he heard the news with cheerfulness, saying, "O Fortune, thou hast acted wisely, in forcing me to throw off the rich attire of a merchant, to put on the mean and despised habit of a scholar, and return me back to the school of philosophy, where there is nothing to lose, and the most satisfactory and durable thing to be gained." After this, Zeno so improved in learning, that the King, Antigonus II. held him in great esteem for his knowledge and integrity, and, when he died, extremely lamented the loss of him. He was founder of the sect of stoics, and taught, "That men having two ears, and but one mouth, should hear much, and speak but little."

Nothing can be a greater proof of innate meanness of mind, than the love of scandal. Whoever delights to dwell on the errors or weaknesses of others, cannot be supposed to possess himself any amiable or excellent quality; as such a disposition can only be the offspring of envy, and the consciousness of defect and vice;—but he who to this meanness adds base and deliberate falsehoods, must be desitute of every virtue—of every semblance of generous feeling.

THE HAT.

THE first man who was struck with the idea of wearing a hat on his head, wore a white one, and it really became him very well: He looked vastly more manly than when he wore a cap.

The authors of the finest discoveries are not all more immortal than other people: So this man died and left his round hat to his nearest relation.

The nearest relation was puzzled how to take hold of this famous hat, so he judged it better to cock up the two sides in the shape of an *Italian gondola*. This was a happy thought; the invention did him honour. The neighbours said one to another, "*now there is some grace, some elegance in this; that umbrella hat was a clumsy kind of head dress, compared to 'his.'*"

The second man died, however, as the former had, and left the *gondola hat* to his heir. The new possessor refined upon the matter. He boldly cocked up the three sides, clapped his hat on his head, and marched into public. People were in an ecstasy of wonder and applause. There was no end of their acclamations; "*What a singular trait of genius! what a happy force of imagination! this was just what the hat wanted, to become one of the most charming things in the world.*" "*Look how it fits,*" said one; "*see how it becomes him,*" said another.

This fine genius, however, died, and left the *three cornered hat* to his heir. He received it with disdain; for it was now dirty and spotted in many places. But reflecting that these defects might be remedied, he at once got it dyed black.—"*Bless us!*" cried the mob, as soon as they espied it, "*How happens that not to have been thought of before!—A black hat, that is certainly the thing! a black hat! a black hat for ever!!!*"

This happy idea went near to immor-

talize the name of its author, but could not prolong his life. The black hat, in short, devolved to another.

It was, to be sure, somewhat the worse for wear, a little out of shape, a little ragged at the edges; but you will observe it had served four masters. However, its owner found means, in his turn, to signalize his industry. He had it clapped on the block, dressed with hot brushes, pared round the rim, and ornamented with a silk edging of black ribbon. Well, thus accoutred, out sallied my friend, not a little pleased with himself. Every body leaves his house. The whole town flocks round him, and the throng becomes so violent that he is near stifled. "*Good luck! what is that? Is there magic in the thing? Yesterday it was an old hat: to day it is a new hat! It was certainly reserved to the present age to possess such astonishing ingenuity, such depth of resource, such perspicuity of penetration!*"

The inventor of the *furbished hat*, nevertheless died, and left it to a sixth proprietor.

The very first thing he did, was to tear off the ribbon binding, and to substitute a lace with a button on the left cock; this ornament was extolled to the skies, and the five former possessors of the hat were all fools compared with the present. This was the only man of true genius. "*What is a hat without a lace to it!*"

But there came afterwards owners of the hat who were preferred even to him. It changed its master twenty times, and as often changed its form and its ornaments, without changing the least of its substance and quality. What happened to the HAT, has happened, precisely, to the dresses of the present day, and constitutes what is called fashion.

Industry makes a brave man who conquers ill fortune.

VARIETY.

The following whimsical advertisement is copied from a New-Haven paper.

TEETH FOR SALE.

For sale, a set of *Teeth*, partly worn, the owner having devoured his Estate, offers his teeth for sale, as they can be of no further use to him, and they may possibly be of service to some one who has the good fortune to possess more property than teeth. Inquire at No. 80.

N. B. If any person will give the owner of the aforesaid teeth any business whereby he may obtain something to employ his teeth and himself, it will answer the same purpose.

SIMPLICITY.

When Aristippus returned from the court of Dionysius, he said to Diogenes, "If you knew how to flatter kings, you need not live on herbs." To which Diogenes replied, "If you knew how to live on herbs, you need not flatter kings."

CHARLES FOX,

Was never at a loss for a repartee. During a Westminster election, when he was opposed to sir Cecil Wray, one of the adverse party, when a dead cat was thrown upon the hustings, observed that it smelled worse than a Fox. "That is not at all extraordinary," said Mr. Fox, "considering it is a *pole-cat*."

DESPERATE FUN.

The learned Dr. West, having married a lady by the name of *Experience* who was very *tall*, being asked one day after marriage, "what he thought of the married state," replied "that by *long Experience* he found it was a good thing to be married."

MR. HAYWOOD.

When he saw a gentleman riding with

a lady of doubtful character sitting behind him, he said, "truly, sir, I should say that your horse was over loaded, if I did not perceive the lady you carry is very *light*."

An officious friend showed the Prince of Conde some libels written against him, in which he was described as acting and speaking things that were false. "These rascals," said he, "make me talk and act as they would do if they were in my place."

TRUE GALLANTRY.

Francis was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his court. He said in a style of true gallantry, "that a drawing room without ladies, was like the year without the spring; or rather, like the spring without flowers."

DEMONAX,

Was a Cretan philosopher; he resembled Socrates in his mode of thinking, and Diogenes in his way of life. He was asked if it was allowable for wise men to drink wine, "Surely said he, "you cannot think that nature made grapes only for fools."

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words, for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to cloath them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of a Church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Vice is frequently covered with wealth, as Virtue is by poverty.


From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

On the 21st of December last, I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of—, where I had an acquaintance, on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding at a neighbouring house, and on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued—(the man of the house was religious) A young Lawyer then arose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and in finishing his discourse begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed and hoped would be beneficial. And on obtaining leave, he proposed :

That one man in the company should be selected as president : that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night ; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name whom they wished to marry ;—then hand to the president for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result ; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choices, should have their choice kept entirely secret.

After the appointment of the president, the communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices ; but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed and the company respectively retired.

Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.  Gentlemen under 20, and ladies under 15 were excluded as unmarriageable.

You will be pleased to let the public hear of this scheme, and I hope it will be productive of much good, by being practised in Virginia.

A married Man without Children.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Great Author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom which calls for all our admiration.

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.—Man shines abroad—Woman at home. Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it. Man has science—Woman taste. Man has judgment—Woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

WITTY QUESTION.

Q. What trick did a spendthrift scholar use to get money from his father, who had before refused to send him any ?

A. He writ a melancholy letter assuring him he was dead, and intreated him to send ten pounds to defray his funeral charges.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ADELAIDE.

"*Sume lyra.*"

COWPER.

As Strephon wandered through the grove,
Where songsters tune their notes to love,
Beneath a shady beech he found
Young Damon on the dewy ground :
The flowing orb that rules the day
Beyond the hills had sunk away,
And Cynthia with reflected light,
Arose to cheer the gloom of night.
The feathered songsters of the spray
Had ceased to chaunt harmonious lay,
The evening zephyr fanned the grove
And nature wore the look of love ;
But Damon seem'd with care oppress'd,
And sighs escaped his troubled breast ;
When Strephon, anxious to impart
A balm to soothe a bleeding heart,
And willing to afford relief
Approach'd and ask'd his cause of grief :
What, know ye not, young Damon cried,
The song of Adelaide has died ;
The maid whose ever tuneful lyre,
Could catch the heart—the soul inspire ;
Who late in imagery could rove,
Attuning all the mind to love :
The pipe has ceased, the harp is still,
No more the lark from yonder hill,
On rising wing, shall hail the morn
With cheerful notes—or joy return :
The sun, declining to the west,
May bring returning time of rest,
May yield from toil a short relief,
But it augments the poet's grief :
In sable garb our plains appear,
The swains a sable visage wear,
Along the streamlet wand'ring slow
With drooping heads expressive woe,
Or resting on the dew cold stone,
Ask why and wherefore she is gone :
The lasses lately seem so gay
Beneath invigorating May,
In melancholy seem to mourn,
And ask, will Adelaide return ?
Then let's unite our feeble strains,
That she again may deck our plains,

And in sad concert, wildly sweet,
Demand the cause of her retreat :
Ask the sweet Lyrist, whither fled,
And why her silver notes are dead :
Why she neglects of late to sing,
And hail the blest return of spring,
Or why her strains should thus expire,
Or dormant sleeps the dulcet lyre :
Why she who oft has touched the string,
Has ceased to charm and ceased to sing.

STREPHON.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

SENSATIONS

Whilst pensively straying through the *near*
Village of Jamaica, (L. 1.)

"How, my sad soul, life's former scenes
revise ;
Compare the summer with the winter skies !
Ye halcyon days ! O ! why forever fled !
Why beats the storm on this devoted head !
Now sights of anguish meet my weeping
eyes,
And prospects dreary all around me rise."

NOYES.

Is this the fond spot which in childhood I
knew,
And this the sweet place where so often
I've been !
But oh ! now how chang'd to its once dearer
view,
Since Time with his broad-wing has
flapp'd o'er the scene.

And can this alas ! be the too well known
spot
Where my fore parents breath'd the pur-
est of air,
Ah ! yes, 'tis the place, tho' now almost
forgot
Perhaps by the few, who with mem'ry
wont share.

But I, to her dictates will ne'er prove so
cold,
As to blot from remembrance the "gleam
of the past ;"
Though the snow-frosts of age should e'en
make me old,
Yet still shall these dearest impressions
yet last.

And here is the spot* where now calmly reposes,

The affectionate mother, the sister and wife ;

And seldom on earth a female discloses
Such sensitive virtues as beam'd thro' her life.

But now calm's the sad notes that's borne on the wing

Of the breeze, as thoughtless it passes along ;

For the fanciful charms of days that have been,

Tends only to nourish dull memory's song.

And the plants that now droop o'er her cold lifeless breast.

And hang their young heads with affectionate dew,

Shall flourish again still more fair than the rest,

When spring shall return their sweet lives to renew.

And the clay-built cold cottage where now she resides,

Shall only be known for a period of years ;

For time shall unfurl as he pensively glides,
The harbour of peace, where she'll rest from all fears.

ROLLA

*Alluding to the couch of repose, where sleeps a near relative.—

"Tho' first my tears a mother's grave bedew,

Yet I retain some tender drops for you."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE INVITATION.

Now, charming girl, the spring returns,

And with it brings unnumber'd joys ;

The feather'd minstrels tune their notes
To love, nor fear their breast annoys.

The fields again begin to smile,

And to unfold their flowery dress ;

The blushing rose and lily fair,

Which strive, though vainly, to compare
Their beauties with thy loveliness.

Then come, dear girl, by Luna's ray

Let's wander in the shady grove ;

Chase each obtruding fear away,

And nought pervade our breasts but love.

Come to the grove, where Cupid waits
To lead us up to Hymen's gates :

Come, while the smiling spring remains,
Ere life's cold winter breaks love's tender chains.

H. C.

IMPROMPTU,

On witnessing, at Fort Columbus, the distraction of a little girl, ten years old, whose mother the night before, was drowned in crossing from the city to the island.

WHILE fading health's yet ling'ring glow

Gleams faintly on the orphan's cheek,

And shiv'ring sighs her mis'ry speak,

Her vacant eyes with grief o'erflow,

Her wild glare seemed in sadness fixt,

Till her lost mother's name she heard ;

Then with swift madness all were mixt—

Her look, her action, and her word !

"Oh ! stay, my Mother, Mother, stay !

I come, exclaims the frantic child ;

Then sunk, convulsed, in horror smiled !

And breathed her infant soul away !

ABSENT FRIENDS.

WHEN pleasure lags at musick's strain,

And mirth assails the heart in vain,

To pensive thoughts the bosom bends,

And finds a theme in *Absent Friends*.

Remembrance then unfolds its store ;

Affection's tales, oft told before,

And Fancy magic visions lends,

To catch a view of *Absent Friends*.

Pale apprehension starts with fear,

Some sad vicissitude to hear ;

And hope with causeless terror blends,

For fate unknown of *Absent Friends*.

The parent fond, the duteous child,

The feeling heart by love beguil'd,

Each to kind Heaven a boon commends,

That Heaven be kind to *Absent Friends*.

Constrain'd through distant climes to roam,

Far from the sympathies of home ;

My soul its fervent wishes sends,

And circles round its *Absent Friends*.

But joy shall spread a brighter train,

And mirth indulge its freest strain,

The happy day which absence ends,

And gives me back my much lov'd *Friends*.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1816.

Intelligence.

PROPHECIES ACCOMPLISHING.

We have endeavoured to select from such articles as we have been furnished with, by the recent arrival at New-York, such as seem more immediately interesting to the mass of our readers. There is a strong probability that all the Christian powers will unite for the extirpation of the Barbary marauders. It is extremely astonishing to observe by what invisible chains the attention of the civilized world is now turned towards Palestine. Travellers who have explored those regions, are rousing public curiosity by the venerable monuments which have survived the rapacity of the Turks, and still attest the truths of divine revelation. Jacob's well, the very well, beside which our Saviour sat and conversed with the woman of Samaria, is still standing. The customs to which she refers in the course of that conversation, the ancient hatred between the Jews and Samaritans still exist, and Clark remarks, that a volume might be written to prove that the customs expressly mentioned, or referred to in the chapter of the Evangelist, still exist. In short, when we take the facts disclosed by travellers, and the sensibility displayed by all literary men to learn something more of Palestine; when we compare them with the disposition manifested by mighty kings and potentates, to recover that consecrated spot from the hands of the infidels,—when we consider what is denominated the holy league, in which the divinity of our Saviour is recognized, we can but believe that the exclusion of the Turks from Palestine, and consequently the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, is an event near at hand.

Even the marauding powers of Barbary are, although unconsciously, doing all in their power to accelerate this event. They render by their piracies

on the commerce of civilized nations measures of this kind necessary on the principle of self-defence. Thus, amidst all the revolutions of kingdoms, states and empires, where mighty monarchs, from motives of revenge, avarice or ambition, are disturbing the repose of the world, they are but instruments in an Almighty hand, for the accomplishment of his own purposes. Although they may laugh and scoff at the volume of divine prophecy, they are labouring for its accomplishment; so true is the passage that "*the wrath of man shall work his praise and the remainder of that wrath he will restrain.*" In the accomplishment of this great work, our government have already borne a part. Commodore Decatur was sent to demand, and he obtained redress of the Barbary powers, for the capture of our countrymen. The terms of this treaty were so favourable, that it excited European envy. It was more advantageous than any which had ever been obtained before, and it was not to be expected that the great navies of Europe, in a time of profound peace, would not be employed to obtain at least as honourable terms, for the powers of Christendom. It was a tacit reproach upon them, and it stimulated their jealousy to exercise. The sincere believer has therefore reason to rejoice—he can behold, in all the troubles and turmoils which oppress the world, the distinct traces of the Almighty hand—he can behold and adore.—*Balt. Fed. Rep.*

A late Philadelphia paper observes, that "Another spot has made its appearance about the centre of the sun's surface. It is about the size of the former large spot, but more round, and is of a jet black colour. It is at least worthy of remark, that these phenomena have, each time, been preceded by an extraordinary change of the weather."

Accounts from every part of the U. S. and the British American provinces agree in the extraordinary backwardness of the season, and the very great and sudden changes of the weather—A Boston paper of June 7, says, at noon the thermometer in the shade stood at

82—yesterday afternoon it was down to 52, making a difference in 26 hours of 50 degrees. Wednesday, it is believed was the hottest day we have had this season—yesterday was the coldest we have had for at least a month.

The Salem Gazette of the same date, observes, "We have never witnessed such great and sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere as the present season. The day before yesterday the thermometer was at 92 soon after noon—yesterday at sun set, 43.

A Poughkeepsie paper says, that on the 7th June, ice was found an eighth of an inch thick, which destroyed all the tender vegetables.

The Albany Argus, states that a severe snow-storm for about an hour was experienced the 6th June. In Bennington the snow covered the ground an inch and an half. The Catskill mountains, on the 6th June, were covered with snow.

A dreadful accident happened (says a Marietta paper of June 6th) on board a large steam boat at Wheeling. The boiler burst and carried all that was near it overboard dreadfully burnt. One was drowned and 15 or 16 much injured, 6 of whom died that night, and 2 or 3 more is expected will die.

Accounts from New-Orleans to the 14th May say, that the crevasse had not then been stopped—and that 1000 houses were surrounded with water, and that two-thirds of their occupants had been obliged to abandon them. Notwithstanding this, it is said that the Theatre is regularly opened and thronged.

The British cartel brig Maida arrived at this port on Monday from London, with 100 American seamen, released from British ships of war.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ E—, is received, and being thought a good article, shall appear next week entire. Further favours from the same pen will be gladly received.

Our poetical correspondents crowd us so fast that we find it impossible, for the want of room, to gratify our wishes to accommodate them. Some, however, for the want of poetical merit must lie over entirely.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Mitchell, Dr. Samuel R. Trevett, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Sarah Titus, of this city.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. Thomas Whittemore, jun. merchant, to Miss Eliza R. Ogden, daughter of Benjamin Ogden, esq. all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. How, Mr. Jonas W. Concklin, to Miss Eliza West, daughter of Mr. Joel West, all of this city.

At St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, by the rev. Mr. Henshaw, C. J. Doughty, esq. to Miss Mesier.

At Gretna Green, (Eng.) Christopher Weyersdale Townly, of Carlisle, journeyman hatter, to Miss Eleanor Richardson, of the same place, being the fourth fair one he has led to the hymeneal shrine in the short space of two years and 3 months.

OBITUARY.

The city Inspector reports the death of 31 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 8th inst.

DIED.

Mr. John Patten, aged 31.

Mrs. Sarah White, wife of Mr. Elihu White.

Mrs. Abigail Burling, wife of Lancaster Burling, in the 26th year of her age.

Mrs. Abigail P. Warner, aged 49.

Miss Mary Ann Campbell, daughter of William Campbell, of Baltimore, in the 17th year of her age.

Mr. Thomas King, of Portsmouth, (N. H.) aged 23.

Mr. Neil M. Kinnon, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, in the 88th year of his age,—a follower of the immortal Wolfe on the plains of Abraham in 1758.

Mrs. Fanny Wooster, wife of capt. Charles W. Wooster.

Mrs. Mary Blanchard, widow of the late Mr. John Blanchard, in the 48th year of her age.

Mrs. Jane Ruskell, relict of Mr. John Ruskell.

At Verona, on the 7th April, the Empress of Austria, in the 29th year of her age.

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

The Emperour of Russia, on his way to Dijon, stopped at the house of the post-master of a small town in Burgundy. A dinner was prepared for his majesty both at the post-master's and at the mayor's, who is a wealthy proprietor of Paris. Alexander, who had no time to lose, accepted the invitation of the former. The Mayor, unwilling to lose the opportunity of paying his respects to the Emperour of Russia, came to address him: and what was, perhaps, more agreeable than his speech, he brought with him his three daughters, all endowed with extraordinary beauty, and a rare assemblage of pleasing qualifications. The Emperour invited these ladies to sit down at the table with him; they respectfully declined, but he detained them until he had finished his report. His majesty seemed quite enchanted with one of them, who, at the desert, presented him with a piece of poetry of her own composition; it was a very ingenious eulogy, which made a deep impression on the monarch. Alexander soon afterwards departed, protesting to the young lady, that he should never cease to retain a pleasing recollection of her. Three days afterwards, his majesty sent her an arrow, enriched with diamonds. Unluckily he addressed this present to the post-house, and the post-master's wife, conceiving that what was worth receiving, was worth keeping, appropriated the jewels to herself. The mayor's daughter reclaimed her right—the other resisted the demand—and the whole town was up in arms about the diamond arrow, which now became an apple of discord. Parties were formed in behalf of the claimants. The young persons, who beheld with jealousy the mayor's daughter eclipse them all in the eyes of the Em-

perour of Russia, have ranged themselves on the side of the post-mistress, who is old, ugly, and ill tempered. The *mamma's*, also, who think no body comparable to their own daughter's, are also caballing against the preferred fair one, whose cause is espoused by the men alone. The result has not yet reached us."—*Gazette de France*.

CHARITY.

Though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to acts of charity, one would think the desire of honour, should. For as building fine houses, purchasing fine clothes, pictures and and other such like articles of expense, shows nothing more than an ambition to be respected above other people; would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, or restoring an unfortunate tradesman to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, acquire more real respect and more lasting honour? The former are the works of other people's hands—the latter the acts of his own heart.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE MUSEUM.

The very frequent calls at the end of a vol. to supply Numbers of the Museum, induces us to inform our readers that but few are printed over the number subscribed for—that we cheerfully furnish any that may be omitted by the carelessness of the carriers (which sometimes happen) if they are called for shortly afterwards; but to make up whole series of numbers by their being lost, lent or torn, certainly must be an unreasonable expectation—And it may be necessary to inform our readers that having no Bindery, no person is authorised to receive any books to bind in the name of the editor of the Museum.

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